"YES, I AM GOING TO RUN FOR MAYOR OF BOSTON."

John L. Sullivan
—To—
Alfred Henry Lewis.

The "Big Fellow's" Very Frank and Original Views on City Government and Public Questions Generally.

"I've Had More Favors form Republicans Than I Ever Had from Democrats, and Don't You Forget That. I Voted for Bryan Though. Say! There's a Great Young Man."

"YES, I'm going to run for Mayor of Boston. And I wont get it, see! It's a million to one shot; a horse to a horse-hair I wont be elected. But it'll turn down Josiah Quincy, and I'm dead sore on that mug, and I'm out to do him."

It was John L. Sullivan who did the talking. I had found the big ex-champion at Willimantic, where his show was billed for the evening; the show, by the way, will be at Proctor's Pleasure Palace for a week, beginning Monday night. Those who are in the habit of picturing Sullivan as a physical wreck would be surprised to see him. He looks in robust health; too heavy—280 pounds the day I saw him—of course, to fight, but springy on his feet and strong as a buffalo.

"What was the trouble between you and Quincy?" I asked.

"He gives me the dirty throw down," replied Sullivan, "at Fanyul Hall, th' night of the Ten Eyke reception. I sticks out my hand, but Quincy don't see it. The mug thought it would be a good chance to make a little reputation off me, see! He's a chilly mark, and stars his pedigree, and it strikes him it's a great bluff that he wouldn't shake hands with a prize fighter. The Prince of Wales shook hands with me and comes where I was to do it, at that. And if the Prince of Wales can shake my hand, and Hugh O'Brien, when he was Mayor of Boston, could present me with a prize-ring belt, I don't figure it would have hurt Josiah Quincy. Is Quincy any better than Hugh O'Brien? Well, I don't think!

"I hears Quincy maks a speech that night, and, say! on the level! I was sorry for the sucker. That's on the dead! For a man who's the head of a big city and let's on he's a 'way up intellectual man, it was a bum speech, that's what I think. If I was as big a fool with my hands as Quincy is with his head, he'd never got the chance to omit to shake hands with me for prize fightin'. I can tell you that right now. No, he's dead weak—he's no mental heavyweight, not on your life! He belongs with the feathers.

"But I'm goin' to do him," went on Sullivan. "The town's close; 5,000 either way; and you can buy a pool John L.'s got friends enough in Boston to give Quincy and his job-lot manners a long lay off, see!

"Quincy's had man come to me, good friends of mine at that, and try to talk me out of it.

"'Say the word, John,' says one of them, only the other day, and I'll have Josiah Quincy come to you and shake hands.'

"'You're a good friend of mine,' I says to this guy, 'but if you ever bring that dub Quincy to me to shake hands, or do anything else, I'll slap the sucker's face, and that's for fair. Tell him to keep away from me. I've had plenty of that fellow, and before I'm done with him he'll be tired of livin'. The town aint stuck on Quincy, nohow, and with me runnin' the Republican will lose the stiff in a walk.'"

"Are you a Democrat?" I asked.

"I vote for the best man," retorted Sullivan, "and I don't care a d—n for parties. I've had more favors from Republicans than I ever had from Democrats, and don't you forget that. I voted for Bryan, though. Say! there's a great young man! Look at the run he made; look at the miles he travelled and the speeches he made! He must keep himself in pretty good shape, that man must, to step right out without training or anything and do the stunts he did. It was wonderful! An' say! I read a lot of his speeches, an' the dead I believe that fellow is on the square.

"Do you know how much dough it cost the Republicans to do that young man? Nineteen millions; that's what Whitney told Croker. No, Whitney was dead against Bryan; Dick Croker was for him. Nineteen millions! Just fix your nut on that; an' say! I don't think the Democrats had $500,000; on my word, I don't. An' even at that the Republicans had to steal it.

"Do you know," went on Sullivan, with an air of fine reflection, "I think if Bryan had left the financial question out of it he'd thrown the soup into the Republicans? The country's dead weary of a high tariff, an' if Bryan had just stuck to that an' smashed at the corp'rations and the mon-op'lies, and let the money business go, he'd murdered 'em; bet your life he would. But the country wont stand for free silver. I know I don't want it, and say! I can't find anybody who does."

"Do you believe in making the national issues questions in the local campaign?" I asked. To tell the truth, I was surprised at the depth and current of Sullivan's political thought and was inclined to test its flow in all directions. "Do you believe in making money and tariff questions in the local fights coming off this Fall?"

"What's the bloody use?" replied Sullivan. "They've got nothin' to do with the play. They aint in it. Take New York for instance. There's a town that's dead sick clear through of 'reform,' see! It turns in in '94 an' elected a lot of marks for 'reform' an' its got it in the neck. There's the Raines law; it ups an' throws a mob of poor skates out of business; ruins the poor suckers, that's what it does. An' then there's Chapman out pinchin' those frails in the Tenderloin. Say! he was off to do a thing like that. That's not right. There's plenty of local issues; what do you want to go dragging in outside rackets for to confuse a mug."

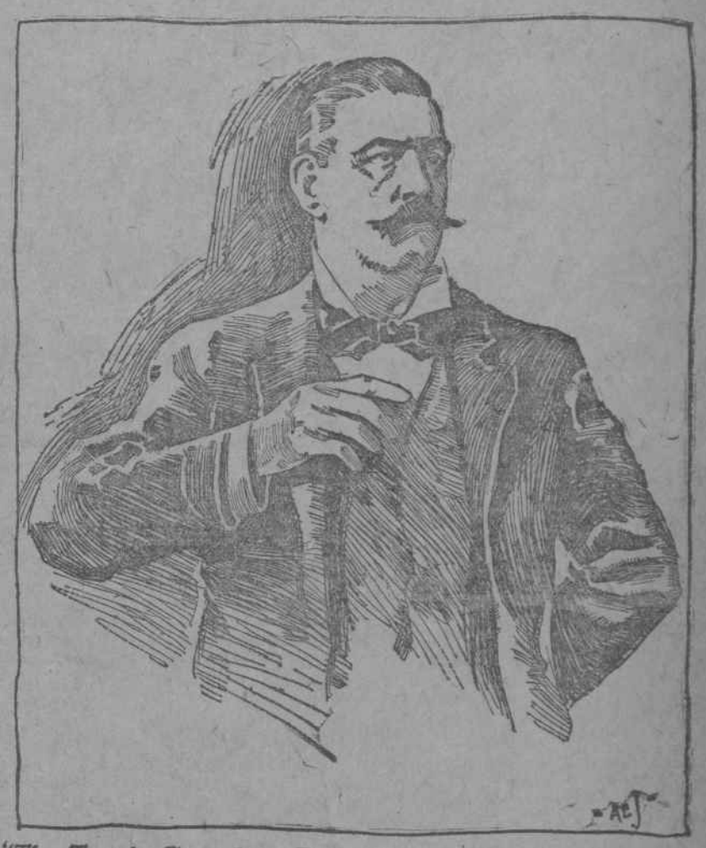
"I see you have views on city government," I said.

"Yes," retorted Sullivan," I'm dead against monop'lies and givin' away franchises to companies. I think a city ought to own its franchises. Look at Boston; it's eaten up by street railway companies. New York's had better luck, but the corporations have got Boston by the neck all right, all right. A city ought to own them things itself, an' not go givin' them away to corp'rations for nothin', see! It's like givin' a lot of mugs a rope to hang you with. You make those corp'rations strong by givin' them things, an' the first thing you know, they jump in and do you.

"Now this mornin' I was readin' in the papers where the judges fixed bail at $6,000 for that Sheriff and his mob who shot down those Hungarians in Pennsylvania. Now, on the level! was that right! Them Hungarians are pretty hard people at that, but, say! a Sheriff oughtn't to go shootin' the poor suckers in the back for just walkin' on the road. That's dead wrong. They didn't have a thing on 'em, these Huns; an' down they goes, because they're strikin' against a lot of corp'rations, see! That's straight! Turn it around. Do you suppose the Sheriff would have shot it into a lot of mine owners if they'd been walkin' down the road? Not on your necktie! An' if the sucker did, would he get $6,000 bail? It would be a billion. Oh, no! it was dead wrong to down those poor suckers; they don't know anything at that. I'm against killin' people; not until your own life's in danger. An' all these marks was out for, was a little more money for coal diggin'; an' that Sheriff don't do a thing but croak 'em! I say it's a bloody shame. A mug must be crazy to go down an' work 500 feet under ground, anyway, an' then to up an' kill him because he wanted a little more dough for it!

"I tell you," and Sullivan shook his head and spoke with much hoarse solemnity, "I tell you! We wont live to see it; you an' me distinctly wont be in it; but the day's comin' when hell's goin' to pop in this country. There'll be a revolution. Look at all these British comin' over here an' coppin' off our industries. Those English mugs own billions of dollars' worth in this country. Do you think there wont trouble come out of it? We wont see it, but a day will come when there'll be a revolution and the corp'rations an' foreign landlords wont get a thing but the chase.

"Do you know," continued Sullivan, "the courts aint doin' the square thing any more. Now this morning did you read where they give that kid in Boston not less than fifteen years nor more than twenty years for tryin' to break his brother out of prison? Of course the kid's wrong! he says so. He takes in a couple of guns an' him an' his brother takes a shot at the guards an' turnkeys. They winged one of 'em, an' the brother gets killed, an' this kid is collared. Now he gets fifteen to twenty years. That's not justice. He's too young to know what he's about; five years would have been all that was comin' to him. What they should have done, them judges, is to give the other ten years to the turnkeys an' guards that let the kid into the jail with these two guns on him. That's where the wrong begins; those marks was more to blame than the kid. The idea of lettin' a guy get by the door all framed up with two big guns! Those suckers on the door was keeping a sharp look out, I don't guess. If the judges would give them a few stretches it would be about the correct size. But to give a kid fifteen to twenty years! Say! a mark that would do that aint got no heart. On the dead! I had it in mind to write them judges what I thought of their play. I think it was yellow; that's what I think."



"The Town's Close; 5,000 Either Way; and You Can Buy a Pool John L.'s Got Friends Enough in Boston to Give Quincy and His Job Lot Manners a Long Lay Off, See!

"Well, to come back to New York City politics," I said, "who do you think will win?"

"Tammany," replied Sullivan, confidently. "Tammany will win hands down. Who do you suppose Tammany will nominate?"

"Sohmer," I replied. "It looks more like Sohmer than anybody else."

"I'm dead glad to hear that," remarked Sullivan, in an earnest tone. "Say! that Sohmer's a prince. He's all right, if he is Dutch. A common man can go to Sohmer and talk with him; and he aint the sort that slaps you on th' back an' gives you a jolly, neither. Sohmer's got dignity to burn; you bet he' got dead loads of self respect. Hugh Grant, he'd be all right, too; but I don't suppose he'd have it. So you think Croker's for Sohmer?"

"I don't know about Croker," I replied. "He seems to be keeping rather quiet."

"If Croker aint for him," said Sullivan. "Sohmer's a dead duck. Croker's laying quiet, but he's got the say just the same. What Croker says will go. That's what he's here for.

"You notice," continued Sullivan, "how they're after the music halls in New York?"

"Yes," I replied. "I heard some murmur of it."

"The police are after Hammerstein," went on Sullivan, "that's about the size of that. Hammerstein is a pretty fly Sheeny, but he was fool enough to go mixing it up with the Police and Fire Departments from the jump, and they're going to make him work his passage to pay for it. When he first goes up to Harlem Hammerstein gets all tangled up with the Fire Department, and he's been on the outs with the police and fire people even since. A party's a fool to go against such odds. There's nothing in it. What can one man do against the police and fire people, both? Get 'em down on you and they're bound to plug you. And half the time they wont show up in the play at that."

"To change the subject," I said, "as you travel about do you see any signs of this prosperity the Republicans tell us has come?"

"Yes, people seem to be better off," said Sullivan. "There's more of the dough going about. But it wont do the Republicans much good. You see, it's the farmers; they're hard up still. And whatever you say about prosperity, I tell you it's got to begin with the farmers, or it aint the real thing, see! The farmer is the beginnin' every time. Whatever you want you've got to go back to the hayseed. If it's bread, you need his wheat; if it's whiskey, you have to have his corn. No matter what alley a sucker turns up he's bound to find the farmer at the far end of it. Now you hear these marks talking about dollar wheat, and how the farmer is fixed. But, say! think of the years the farmer got it in the neck! Talk of dollar wheat making the farmer solid! The farmer's been quitting loser for over ten years, and you'd have to make wheat $10 a bushel before you'd ever get that poor sucker out of the hole. I tell you the farmer aint prosperous, right now, even with wheat at a dollar; and just as I said, you don't get any prosperity that's the genuine article until you get the farmer on easy street. That's on the level, too."

"Then you don't think this prosperity they talk of," I said, "is likely to do Mark Hanna any good in Ohio this Fall?"

"It's better than even money," replied Sullivan, "they down Hanna in Ohio. Say! I've talked with plenty of Ohio men about Hanna and I never finds anybody who's got any use for him. I think it's an even break they make a monkey of him."

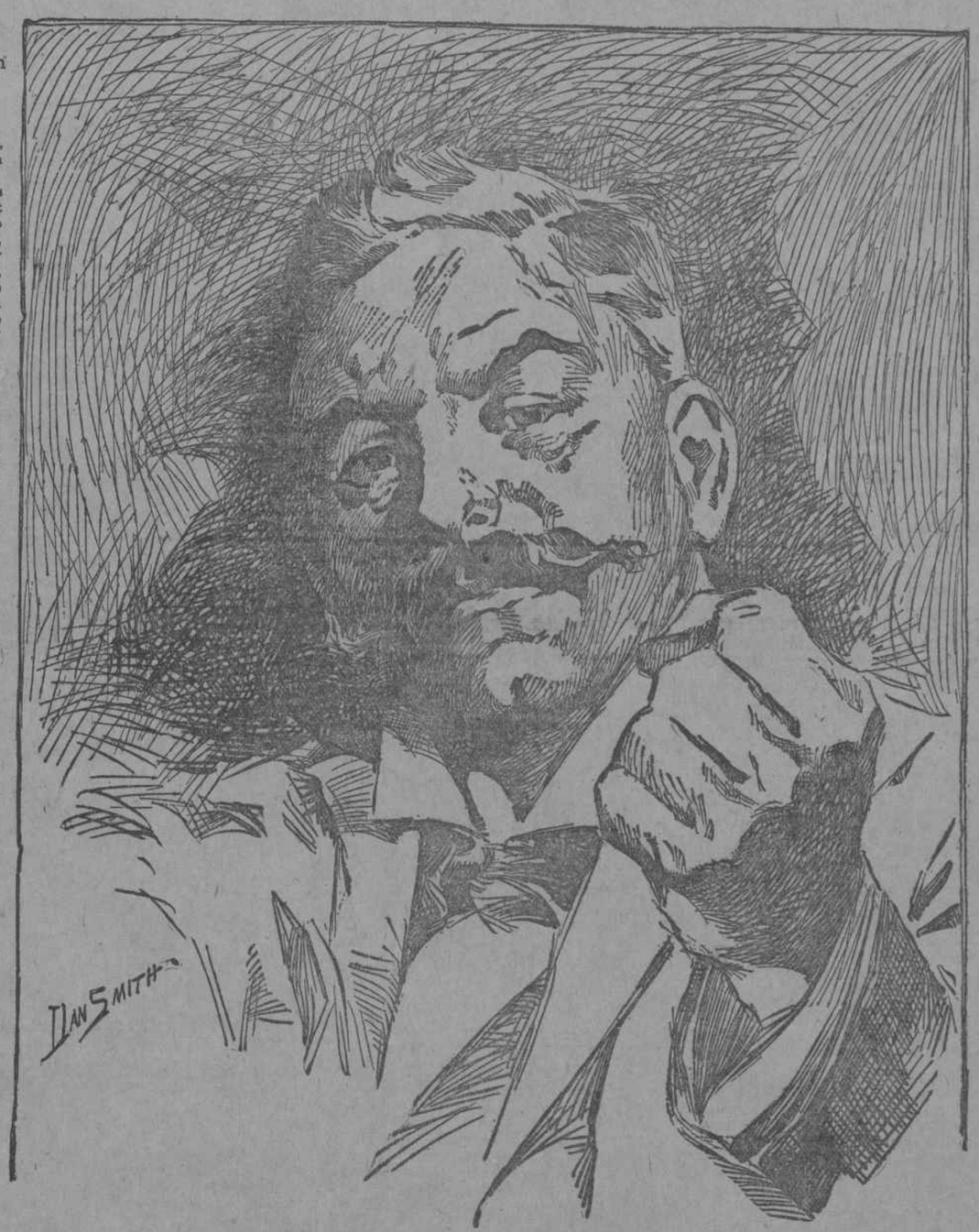
At one crisis the talk drifted to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

"Was there any time when it looked as if Corbett could win?" I asked.

"Never for a second," replied Sullivan vigorously. "That guy was done for from the go off. He hit Fitzsimmons often enough to kill him, but there was no steam. Fitzsimmons just smashed 'em in. Corbett hit Fitzsimmons two blows for one, but one of Fitz's was worth twenty of the other fellow's. Twelve years ago I could have cleaned up both of those ducks, one after the other, in one ring, with a minute between the two fights; wouldn't have left a grease spot of 'em. But twelve years ago isn't now," and the ex-champion gave a sigh.

"Well," I said, as I rose to go, "I can say then that you will be in the race for the Mayoralty of Boston?"

"You can put it in big type," replied Sullivan. "When I get through with Quincy he'll shake hands with every prize fighter he sees. The idea of that mug passing me the ice pitcher! I've had better men than Quincy in the ring with me. I got my muscle at the same counter he got his brains at; paid the same price, too; the sucker ought to recollect that. And I'll bet him, besides, my hands haven't done half the dirty work his have; haven't been in on any such crooked plays as his. But wait until after election; I'll be even on the hobo."



"It's a Horse to a Horse-Hair I Wont Be Elected, but I'll Turn Down Josiah Quincy, and I'm Dead Sore on Him."

"Take New York, for Instance. There's a Town That's Dead Sick Clear Through of Reform, See!

A Klondyke Strike and a Big Surprise.

It happened this way: An attorney in Denver, who prefers to be nameless, staked a prospector, with whom he was on very friendly terms, to $300 as a grub stake for an Alaskan mining trip. The prospector told his friend he was sure there were big strikes to be made in Alaska, and that he would divide whatever he found.

This was two years ago, and the lawyer had charged the $300 up to his loss account, never expecting to hear from it again. A day or two ago the attorney received a letter from his old friend, dated at Dawson City, August 2, and postmarked at Juneau, September 2. It had evidently been carried across the country by a returning miner and placed in the first post office on the route.

The letter contained the most astonishing news that has yet come out of the far-away gold fields. It tells a story, which, if accepted, would start 100,000 hardy men into the Arctic regions within the next thirty days. The letter announced that the prospector who left Cripple Creek two years ago for Alaska had a second time gone into the country and had gained a fortune as great as the fortune of Monte Cristo.

The letter says that the miner has $200,000 in nuggets in his possession, has been offered $500,000 for one mining claim located in the name of the Denver attorney, and is prepared as soon as a bank is established to send a certified check for $200,000 as a preliminary free-will offering to the Denver attorney. Now the attorney is waiting for further intelligence, and is building all kinds of castles in the air.

Indexing Newspapers in the British Museum.

The colossal task of indexing the newspapers contained in the British Museum has been begun, and it is expected that it will take a year to finish the work. The work is now brought down from the earliest dates to the year 1894. This means that 34,083 ponderous volumes have been carefully examined, and 73,267 titles written. By the time the newspapers are indexed up to date, 1897, more than 87,000 volumes will have been examined and not less than 114,000 titles written.

Any one of these indexed papers can be found in less than five minutes, or an answer given at once when a newspaper has not been received. The volumes being numbered outside, and having a corresponding number on the titles, it is easy to find the papers required. The titles indicate at a glance when a paper was established, change of title and when discontinued. The newspapers are bound up together according to sizes, several in a volume, excepting the dailies, irrespective of alphabetical order. The difference in the time of finding a newspaper from a recent year of English provincials shows the importance of a catalogue, for while the indexed papers can be found so quickly, it takes from fifteen minutes to half an hour to find a paper from a year unindexed.

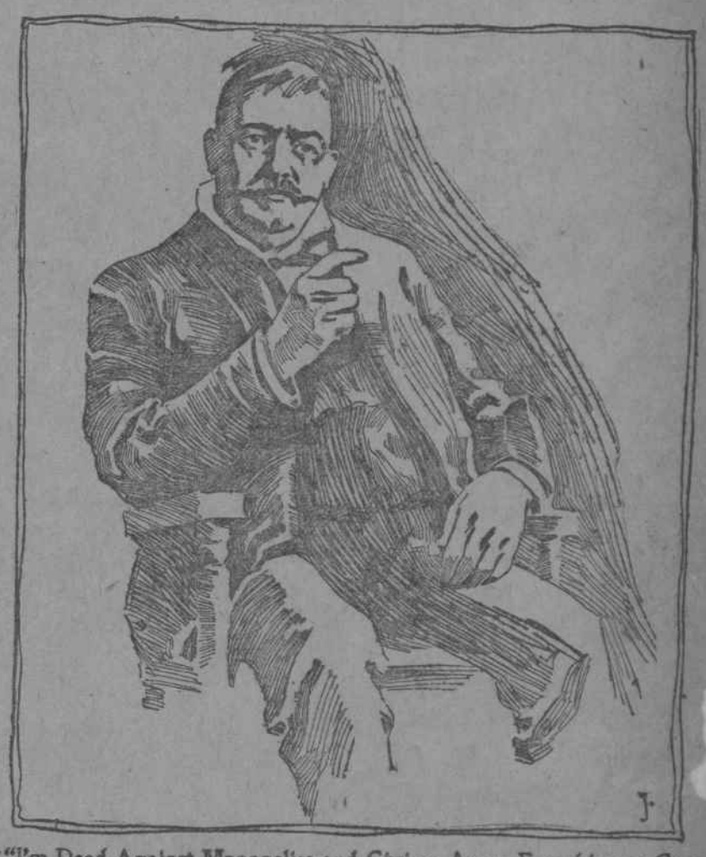
The growth of London and provincial newspapers during the Queen's reign is extraordinary. London newspapers in the Museum for 1837 number about a hundred, while for 1896 there are 1,294. The provincial newspapers for 1837 number 336, bound in 111 volumes; but for 1896 there are no less than 2,049 newspapers.

To Plough Up the Yukon for Gold.

The gold of the Klondyke is to be literally ploughed up. All other enterprises that seek to rifle the icy hills of Alaska of their treasure are puerile beside that undertaken by a combine of Seattle capitalists, at the head of whom is Edward F. Sweeny.

The intention of the company is to build an earth and mud eating dredger and plough, such as is used in harbor work and railroad construction. The machine, which is larger and stronger than any yet built, will be sent in sections to the mouth of the Yukon, where it will be put together. One of the differences that will make the proposed dredger unique will be its power for self-propulsion and its extremely light draught. The power will be supplied to a stern wheel, the same as to the light-draught river steamers.

After the completion of the building of the dredger at the mouth of the Yukon, she will start on her tour of investigation up the river, putting her long black beak into the sand and gravel of the bottom and doing some prospecting on her own account. When a rich streak is found, she will churn away with her centrifugal pumps and toss the gravel and nuggets as well as dust and mud up by the bushel. When it is remembered that those who have come from the Klondyke say that a day's work is 2,000 pounds per mal, the largeness of the enterprise appears when these amounts are multiplied four or five hundred times, as is possible with the Bowers machine.



"I'm Dead Against Monopolies and Giving Away Franchises to Companies. I Think a City Ought to Own Its Own Franchises. Look at Boston. It's Eaten by Street Railway Companies.